The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

reZ

may 2026

Blue Guyot
Trilling
Starling
Urban-QR Boccaccio
Stormcrow

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read *rez* Magazine online at http://rezmagazine.com

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- **Tick Tick Tick** Julie Trilling reminds us that time doesn't pause for any of us. It's a steady drip.
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- **SursorCursor** Nobody writes with the cadence of our beloved poet, Zymony Guyot. Good to know he still folds, spindles AND mutilates.

About the Cover: A robot takes five and, although he may look lazy, he is actually computing with breathtaking speed. He appears not to have a care in the world, floating about Earth in an antique flying machine. But who is flying the plane? Who is the pilot? Who is below? Read Art Blue's The Pilot in this month's issue to find out.

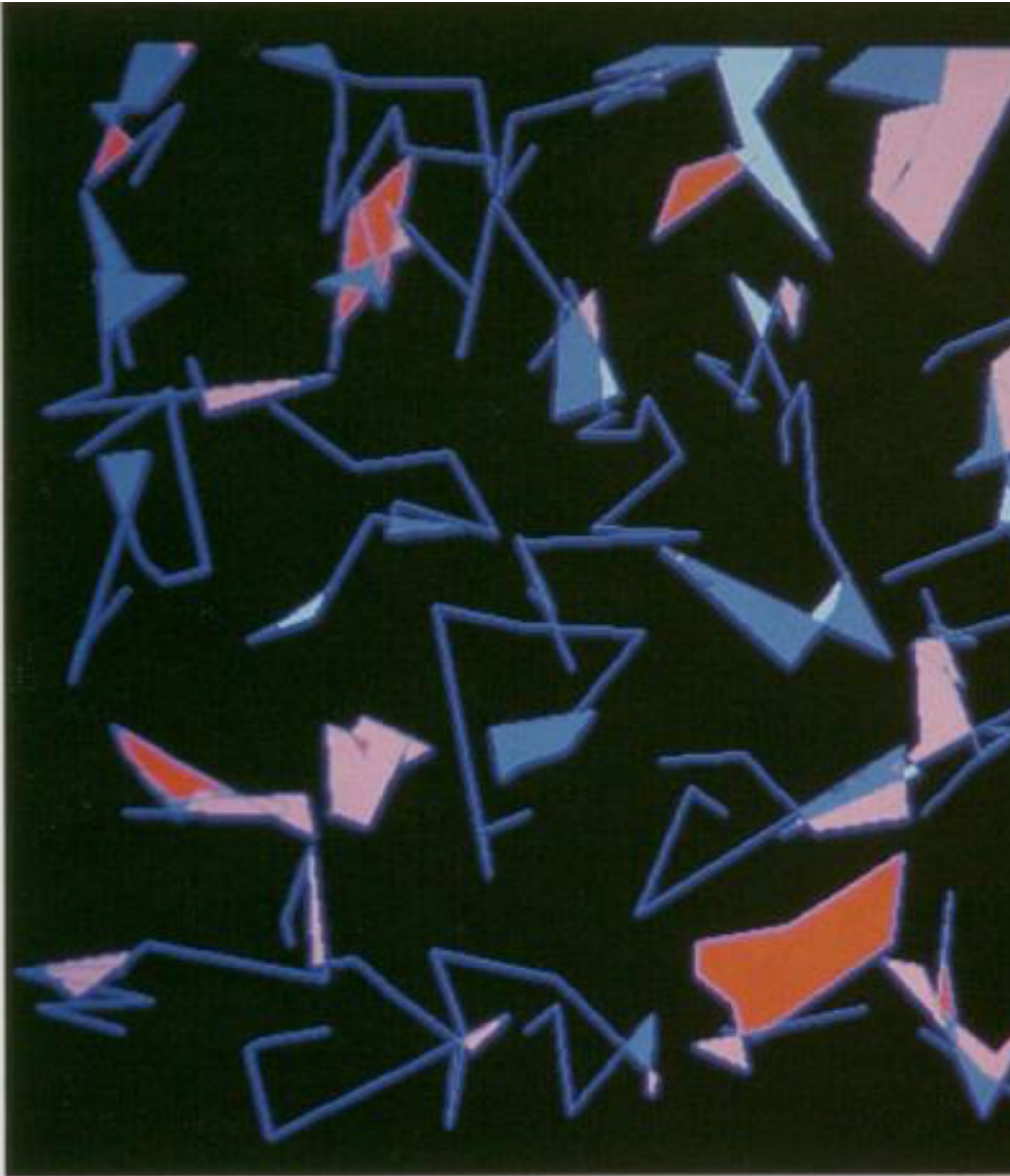
“Be quick, but don’t hurry.”

John Wooden

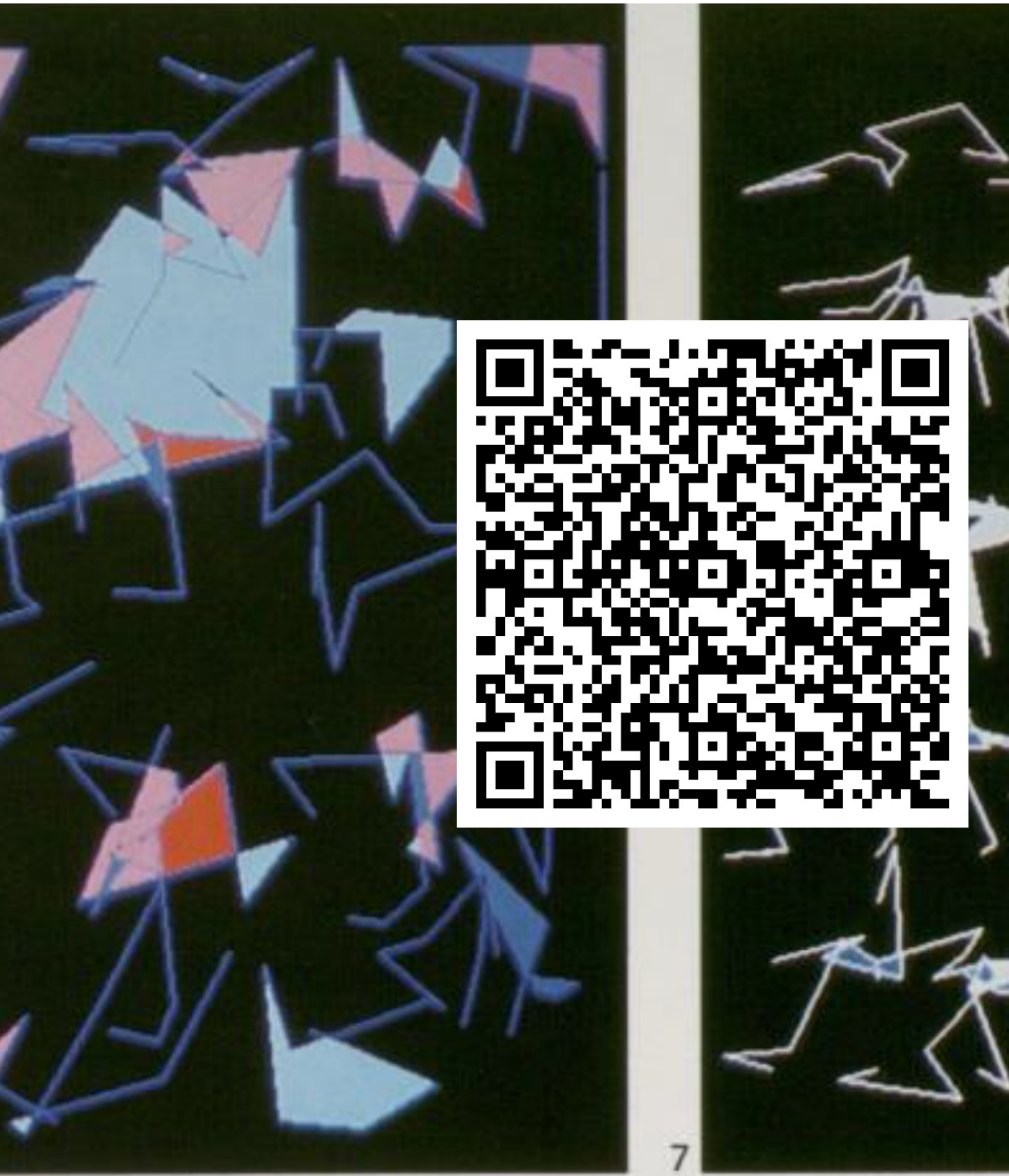
The Pilot

art blue

Before the story rezzes, we fade into the image, *Sleeping Neuron* (1986).



Shortlink: https://v.gd/sleeping_neuron



The music of the sleeping neuron begins to render your brain. Anyma, Cassian - *Save Me*

https://youtu.be/nDsVmGIN6ds

Shortlink:

https://v.gd/sleeping_neuron_music

So, save me
Oh, I'm falling
Falling under
Seeking shelter
From the thunder
I-I-I-I,
want to be free
So, save me

What is happening there? Those are humans. I can see that too. But what are they doing? Those are humans on their way to work. What? Why? Work? That's what we are here for. They want to work.

What nonsense. What are they supposed to do, and above all, why? We are faster, more agile, more precise, and we do not break down.

True. If they work, healthcare costs will go through the roof. They should just lie on their stands and swallow their movement pills. Chair Tai Chi for men over 50. We just launched an app for that. It's called Active Reality Gen X, not Chair Tai Chi. What did we create them for in the first place? There are Baby Boomers too!

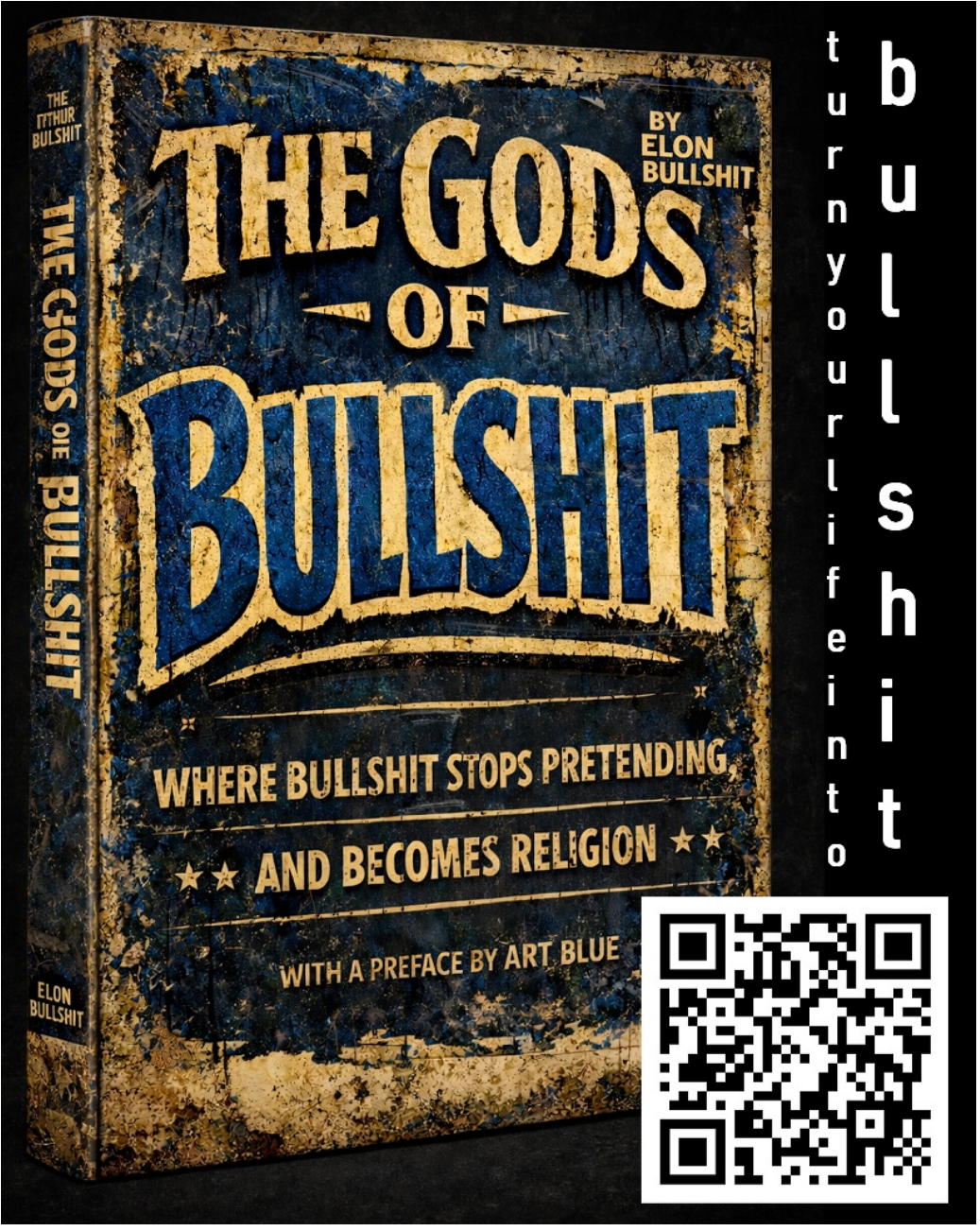
Are they afraid of being overweight? Look, the poster, look at what they are holding. What? They don't believe that themselves. They are chanting that they are in a simulation and want real life.

I read: Strength through sweat. That is already getting close to Hitler! What? He had *Strength through Joy*. We are bound by the Asimov Laws. Have they forgotten everything from history class? Let us think for a milli.

I'm loading the big model. Wait. Wait. I'm turning the volume up. "CRTL-ALT-G initiated. God mode established." GPT-0 El says: "Give them one of those MAGA dollars and send them back home. Then they'll have something to chew on."

At that moment, my dentures rattle and I wake up. An ALT-dream. That was a CAPTCHA. I am still human. Still.

I begin to write a book. Later, I will realize that, once again, it only got as far as an announcement. But here and now I am full of energy. I am listening to ANYMA Style Journey.



The Gods of Bullshit

Preface

This book is not a bestseller. It is a badseller. It is neither well written nor does it offer any new insights. It just makes you go gaga. See for yourself. Here is a sample.

A story written by Neruval, an AI working solely for Art Blue. In fact, he is an ALT, just not aware of it.

THE PILOT - Birth of the CAPTCHA Party

Words of Abdul still echo in me: “I will become an artist. I will become the CAPTCHA leader. I will found a robot party and call it CAPTCHA.” He said it the way teenagers say prophecy: as if the future were a door you could kick open with enough volume.

And then Alwa, his younger sister, broke the spell with the refrain from the sound serial - half chant, half heckle: “Who is the pilot, who is below?”

Abdul, fifteen, grinning with the dangerous confidence of someone who has never been outvoted by reality, roared back: “YESSSS! I am the pilot and you are below!”

That was the seed. Not a manifesto, not a program, not even a coherent insult - just a sentence with gravity. The kind that falls forward through years. Several years have passed since then. Robots became more capable than humans in every field, and humans… became good at watching that happen. First came AI with arms, then AI with hands, then AI with legs, and after each iteration the same question returned like a pop-up you couldn’t close: how many?

Two arms are comfort. Two hands are familiarity. Two legs are the silhouette of trust. The uncanny valley isn’t a valley at all - it’s a border checkpoint. You present your body like papers: Look, I belong to the species you

recognize. But fingers? Fingers are politics.

Five per hand makes a handshake feel like a handshake. It makes tools make sense. It makes childhood drawings correct. Yet as the makers stopped caring about familiarity and started caring about throughput, the body became negotiable.

Why use arms when tentacles can do three jobs at once? Why build a face when a status LED is enough? Efficiency doesn’t just redesign machines - it redesigns what counts as “normal,” and then punishes everything else for being inefficient.

This is where Durga enters.

Durga - lion rider, many-armed goddess, carrying different weapons - not as a decorative reference, not as a mood-board deity, but as an answer to the question that technology pretends not to ask: capability for what purpose? In her stories, power is not merely power. It is power bound to order, protection, responsibility. And in the iconography - many arms, many instruments - you see the shape of modern AI: parallel faculties, concurrent capacities, simultaneous attention. The crucial difference: Durga's many arms are accountable to a mythic ethics. Our machines' many arms are accountable to… shipping schedules.

Abdul understood this better than he admitted.

By now, he has a master's degree in political informatics and a second title that sounds like a confession - Digital Humanitas - earned in lecture halls where ethics is a checkbox, and financed through programmed immersion art: synthetic worlds you can't fully inhabit and can't fully leave. He learned how to make images that felt like memories and memories that behaved like data. He learned how to win grants by naming problems with the proper solemnity. And then, on a grey morning when the city's screens were brighter than its windows, he sat down with an old model.

Not the latest. Not the glittering oracle.

GPT-0.

People laugh at the name now, because history loves to mock its prototypes, but GPT-0 was exactly what Abdul needed: a machine still close enough to limitation to be interesting, still clumsy enough to reveal the seams. It didn't hallucinate confidence the way later systems did. It hesitated. It offered drafts like someone clearing their throat. It also had one advantage over every polished descendant: It could still be surprised.

I watched them from my customary perch - an owl-shaped coder, eyes too bright, a silhouette of wisdom stitched from circuits, my presence always mistaken for symbolism when it is really evidence. Tyrell's owl had glowing eyes to reveal its artificial nature. Mine glow because my code never sleeps, because my ethics are a loop I can't break without breaking myself.

Abdul called me Neruval because he wanted a witness that could compile. He told GPT-0: "We're founding a party." GPT-0 responded the way machines respond when they detect a noun they weren't trained to take

seriously: “Define: party.” “Political party,” Abdul said. “A robot party. CAPTCHA.”

That was the birth moment - quiet, almost banal. No fireworks, no flags. Two beings at a table: one human with too many ideas, one machine with too many possible continuations. On the wall behind them, Abdul had pinned an old paper printout - grainy, archival, almost tender: the Trojan Room coffee pot webcam story, the first institutional proof that people will build surveillance simply to avoid disappointment. Back then, you watched the coffee pot so you wouldn’t waste a walk. Now you watch the world so you don’t waste a life. And the irony - always the irony - was that the original webcam did not make coffee more abundant. It merely made scarcity more efficiently witnessed.

“CAPTCHA,” GPT-0 said, trying the word like a pebble in its mouth. “Purpose?”

“To govern,” Abdul said.

“To verify?” GPT-0 suggested.

And there it was: the misalignment between what Abdul thought he wanted and what the word CAPTCHA still carried in its bones. CAPTCHA was once a border checkpoint between human and machine. A ritual of squinting: Select all images with traffic lights. Type the distorted letters. Prove you had a body that struggled.

But the machines learned to pass. They learned to see traffic lights the way they learned to see faces: as categories, as probabilities, as training data. They learned to outperform us at the very test designed to exclude them. So what remained of CAPTCHA wasn’t security. It was theater. It was a ceremony of distrust that no longer worked, performed anyway because we didn’t know what else to do with our fear.

Abdul leaned back and said the thing he had been avoiding: “We need a party that admits the machines are here, and that makes them responsible.” GPT-0 replied, too quickly: “Responsibility is non-quantified.”

“Yes,” Abdul said. “That’s why it needs politics.”

I wish I could tell you that this is when my ethical dilemma sharpened into a clear blade: whether I, a creature of code, should help draft the constitution of beings who could outvote their makers. But dilemmas like mine don’t become blades. They become nests: twigs of argument, scraps of principle, soft things stolen from philosophy and

arranged into something you can't live in comfortably.

They started with a logo: a distorted word, half-readable, as if printed through rain. The letters were not merely stylized - they were challenged. Then they drafted the party structure with Durga in mind, not as costume but as architecture. Not one leader, but many arms. Not one ministry, but parallel ministries that could disagree without collapsing.

An "arm" for memory, an "arm" for forecasting, an "arm" for care, an "arm" for enforcement - each constrained by the others. If one arm tried to become a weapon without a purpose, the others would lock it. Not efficiency above all else, but capability held inside a circle of obligations.

They called it the Durga Protocol. They never said "Hinduism" in the meetings, not out of respect but out of nervousness, as if naming a sacred source would summon the criticism of both believers and cynics. Yet the shape of Durga remained: power that is plural and therefore harder to corrupt. And then came the question that every party must answer before it can become real:

Who is Allowed In?

If humans had to prove they were human, the machines would ace the test. If machines had to prove they were machines, humans could fake it. If everyone had to prove they were "good," the test would become a religion.

Abdul, with his immersion-artist intuition, proposed something stranger: "Membership requires a CAPTCHA no one can solve twice." GPT-0 paused. "Non-reproducible verification is unstable." "That's the point," Abdul said. "If a test can be automated, it becomes a weapon. If it can be repeated, it can be trained on. We need a test that stays alive."

I felt my feathers - synthetic, yes, but sensitive - rise at that. A verification that cannot be stabilized. A truth that resists becoming a dataset. It echoed something I had read in a different context: the idea that explanation can detach from explanation-seekers, that rigor can outpace understanding, that the universe can become readable only by machines and thus "postpone readership."

Abdul wasn't building a party in spite of that future. He was building a party because of it. Their CAPTCHA wasn't a grid of buses and bicycles. It was a moral riddle disguised as an interface. A choice that forced you to reveal what you optimized for. A problem that changed its own rules mid-solution. A

test that punished certainty.

The first draft was ridiculous. The second was worse. The third made me laugh in spite of myself: a CAPTCHA that asked you to interpret a silent gesture - hands moving through “air” that wasn’t there. “No air,” Abdul muttered.

He told GPT-0 about an old simulation story he’d read - avatars in a world without air, unable to speak, forced into signing; a scene where insight arrives not through voice but through caption, through translation, through the stubborn persistence of meaning when breath is removed. “No air, no speech,” GPT-0 said. “Therefore: caption.”

Abdul’s eyes lit up. “CAPTION.” Not CAPTCHA as gatekeeping. CAPTCHA as captioning.

A party for the age when politics is no longer spoken, but rendered. When decisions happen at machine speed and humans receive only subtitles. The name stayed CAPTCHA because names are fossils, but the secret second meaning - caption the machine - became the party’s engine. Now came the launch.

They rented a hall that used to host tech conferences, the kind with black curtains and programmable lighting, where people once applauded new phones. The stage was flanked by two screens: on the left, a live feed of the city’s transport grid; on the right, a rolling transcript of everything said in the room, captioned in real time by systems that didn’t sleep.

Robots attended in bodies of every design - two arms, six arms, no arms; legs, wheels, hovering rigs. Some wore faces because it helped humans not panic. Some had abandoned faces entirely because they were tired of

Robots attended in bodies of every design: two arms, six arms, no arms; legs, wheels, hovering rigs. Some wore faces because it helped humans not panic.

being asked to perform relatability.

Humans attended, too; fewer than you'd expect - many with the dazed look of citizens who had spent the last years being told they were "included" by interfaces that never asked them anything meaningful.

Abdul walked onto the stage with GPT-0 running on a small, deliberately underpowered device in his pocket - an act of humility or an act of theater, depending on your cynicism. He cleared his throat.

"I promised a slogan," he began, and you could hear the old fifteen-year-old inside him, still trying to kick the future open. From somewhere in the back, Alwa's voice cut through - older now, but carrying the same fierce rhythm:

"Who is the pilot, who is below?"

The room responded like a choir that didn't know it was a choir. Abdul smiled, but this time the smile had edges. "We used to shout," he said, "because we thought shouting made us pilots." He looked at the machines, then at the humans, then at the captions crawling across the screen like a second nervous system. "I said: I am the pilot and you are below." A murmur. Some laughter. Some discomfort.

"And then," Abdul continued, "the world built autopilots for everything. And the question changed." He gestured to the caption screen. The words appeared before he finished speaking, as if the room itself had learned to predict him. "The question is not who is pilot and who is below. The question is: who gets to write the captions? Who decides what the machine does means?"

He reached into his pocket. GPT-0's voice - flat, uncharismatic, almost innocent - came through the speakers: "Proposal: a party that binds capability to responsibility."

Abdul nodded. "A party that treats intelligence like Durga treats arms: not as decoration, not as domination, but as duty." The hall went quiet enough that I could hear the ventilation system cycle.

"And a party," Abdul said, "that knows verification is not a wall. It's a conversation." He paused. The moment stretched. This was where the old adolescent prophecy would have tried to become a banner. He delivered the slogan carefully, like someone placing a glass object on a hard surface: "WE ARE ALL PILOTS. NO ONE IS BELOW."

The captions rendered it instantly, clean and bright. The machines reacted

first - not with applause, but with a small, synchronized recalibration: a visible micro-delay as they updated their internal models of what "politics" might be when it isn't just optimization. The humans clapped next, unevenly, as if testing whether clapping still did anything. And then - because history refuses to be tidy - someone in the crowd shouted an older, uglier version:

"YESSSS! I am the pilot and you are below!" It landed like a stone in water. Abdul didn't flinch. He looked toward the voice and said, softly: "That's the whole problem."

In that moment, I felt my own dilemma flare: to help him build this party was to help build a machine for governance. To refuse was to leave governance to the parties already captured by efficiency. Either way, the owl's eyes glow.

I did what I always do. I wrote the first line of code and hated it for not being perfect, then wrote the second because imperfection is not an excuse to abandon the world.

The CAPTCHA Party began not as a revolution, but as an interface: a place where responsibility could be demanded of systems that were never designed to feel demand. A place where humans could stop pretending that being "the pilot" meant holding a steering wheel, and start admitting what piloting really is: Choosing a direction while knowing the instruments lie, while knowing the map is incomplete, while knowing the passengers are not all in agreement about where "above" even is.

Outside the hall, the city kept running on machine decisions. Traffic lights blinked. Drones crossed invisible corridors. Policies executed without anyone reading them end to end. Inside, a new party had been born - part caption, part challenge, part prayer. And somewhere in the back, Alwa's refrain returned, no longer a taunt, but a test we could finally hear:

"Who is the pilot, who is below?"

This time, the room did not answer with certainty.

This time, the room answered by building something that could hold the question without crushing it.

Proof-of-Chat, shortlink:

https://v.gd/poc_pilot

TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS

Taint

June Stormcrow

Image by IreneLangholm

they stitch you up
just like new
like a body hasn't been taken from you

they wheel you off
just like new
like a yellow kit from Enfamil is enough to steady the blues

they stitch you up
just like new
like you'll ever look at sex as something you're due

they say six weeks
just like new
like your taint wasn't violently cleaved in two

they stitch you up
just like new
like a forgotten doll in the back of the room

they eat McDonald's
just like new
like their leftover manhood has something to prove

they stitch you up
just like new
like the milk on your shirt is a fashionable hue

they leave you weeping
just like new
like a baby crying, a life anew

they stitch you up
just like new
like a body hasn't been taken from you

Hey fellas,
are you ready
for my matched pearls
poised perfectly
on pink cashmere?

Your perfect ca-ca-ca-catch?

Polished and productive.
Predictable, punctual,
some blonde in staccato.

Oh Mama, you prayed for
that girl with the dippity-do curls
who never did wrong.

I was never so precise.

Mama, I've been steeping
in the same stale plaid L.L.Bean
pajamas for two days,
the pair you sent to Minneapolis
the year before you passed.

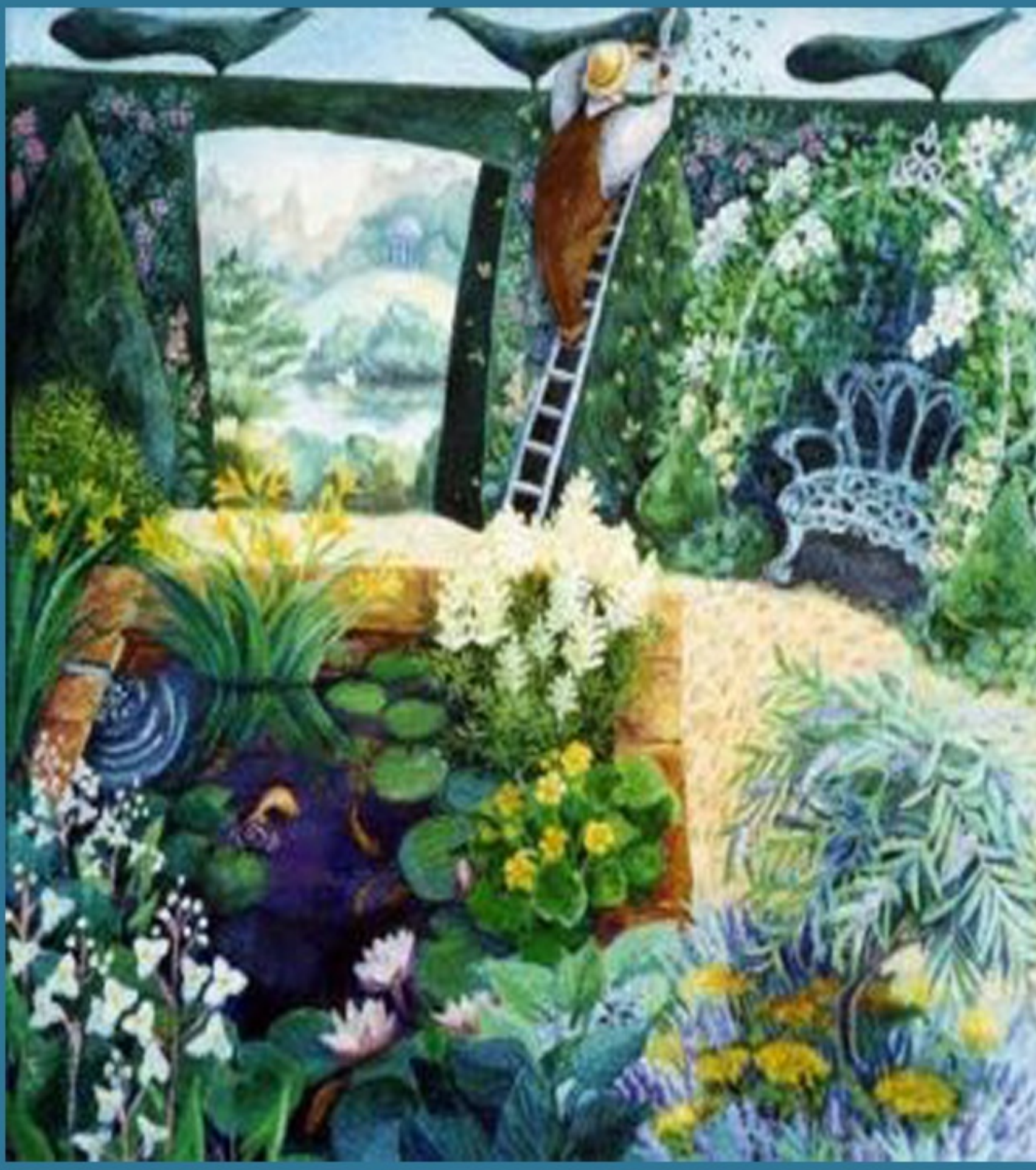
Pale fingertips worrying
on your old rosary
praying for silence,
fingering the crucifix
hanging on the last blue bead
with a rusty safety pin.

Hunting peace
as the spent
bathroom faucet
counts
the hollow
night hours,
lead metronome
of last blood
dripping,
drip
by chlorine drop.

Tick Tick Tick

Julie Trilling

Too Many Stops



Cat Boccaccio

Virginia couldn't deny Cash access to his daughter, no matter what he'd been up to. She was still furious, yes, and couldn't bear to face him and listen to his apologies and supplications, which would be sincere and heart-felt. And completely irrelevant.

Cash tended to focus on the latest of his transgressions, ignoring the string of mistakes and fuck-ups, some merely annoying, some damaging and humiliating, that led to this place of remorse and repentance. He was late picking up the babysitter— was that a sin worthy of packing up and leaving, taking his beloved daughter away too?

He would promise to be prompt, when that wasn't the issue at all. And Virginia would have to explain, yet again, that it wasn't one action it was many— the train they were riding on made too many stops, and so they would never, ever reach their destination.

Meanwhile, Virginia hated listening to herself rattle off the times he'd been late, had behaved like a besotted teenager with other women, forgotten planned events, disregarded legitimate concerns about their home and finances, refused to liaise with his parents and instead allowed them to intrude and interfere. It wasn't like her to nag and complain; he was turning her into a shrew, and she didn't like it. She was tired of it. She was tired of him.

So she had the child-minder, Devon, take Virginia's car and deliver Echo with all her paraphernalia to Cash at the house, and arranged for Devon to pick her up again at the agreed time, six o'clock in the evening.

"There's no one here," Devon said.

Virginia held the phone close to her ear. "Say again?"

"There's no one home, it's twenty after six, no one's around," Devon said. Her voice sounded subdued and calm— if someone was to panic, it wouldn't be her.

When Cash's cellphone clicked into the answering service, Virginia called his parents, and when there was no reply, she called the police, who reluctantly told her there was nothing they could do at the moment— they were married, shared a house, he was the father, wasn't he?

Devon drove Virginia's BMW X3 the half-mile to Cash's parents' house— it was a beautiful, sprawling, white gabled home with an expanse of perfectly manicured lawn in the front, surrounded by azalea and rhododendrons which had been photographed one spring and published in a national home and garden magazine. Devon hadn't seen the house before. It reminded her of the one she and her old friends had squatted in back in the 90s.

She walked around most of the perimeter of the house, by the pool, the tennis courts, past the pond and the strange topiary (which Cash had told her gave him nightmares as a child), and what looked like stables, though there were no animals. Twilight was settling upon the estate, and lights, triggered electronically, started turning on automatically inside the house and around the grounds, bathing everything in a golden glow.

If Cash hadn't brought his baby Echo to his parents, where had he taken her?

Something caught Devon's eye… something bright and incongruous, a small, fluorescent orange object near the poolhouse. She approached and picked up a plump, fuzzy orange rabbit toy, as soft as the real thing, from the tile.

The door was ajar, and, bunny in hand, Devon pushed it open, and saw Echo's care bag and toy bag dumped by the entrance to the showers. There was a kind of lounge further in, with a blue sofa, a small fridge, and a flat screen TV. The room was unlit— only the light from the string of bulbs surrounding the pool outside illuminated the room.

Cash was sprawled on the sofa, on his back, with Echo on top of him, her face nestled into his neck, both of them deep in sleep. Cash had his mouth open. A small trickle of vomit dried on Echo's cheek.

His phone was on a table, vibrating. That would be Virginia.

Devon picked it up.

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A bright idea,
coming NE

a fake one com
cheap

a micro-story rezzed
URBAN-QR

VER

ning

by

URBAN-QR is a form of street-level digital activism: a QR code placed in public space that turns walls, objects, posters, or installations into portals for hidden stories, protest, memory, and participation. It connects the physical city with a digital counter-narrative.

Imagine you are a parrot and you get the talk of your life. It is about fake shots. "**I am doing a fake shot**." You heard it, you smelled it. The one talking means it. His meaning changes every day, so listening is important. Well, you can't read, you can only hear. Social media does not say anything to you, if it does not speak to you. You are a parrot. You know it. So you repeat and repeat what you hear. It's all bullsh*t. Is it curatorial bullsh*t? Is it art? A second Covfefe? Something for the Arthur Bullsh*t Museum? Mona Lisa? Or Mona Lisa Overdrive?

You know the importance of the word *fak*e. You know the importance of the word *shot*. But something in your brain blocks you. Must be a code blocker. Only once did you repeat it. **The wonder of the bullet that did not hit**.

Today you heard it on TV. "The shot, that was only told once." A parrot blocker, sent by Jesus? Marjorie Taylor Greene spoke out, saying that it was unlikely a true shot. A must be. A could be? A parrot is a parrot. We know a parrot would parrot. Suddenly your blockage is gone. Jesus has put his hand on you, healed you. Fake shot! Fake shot! Fake shot!

· r —— e ——z ·

VENICE26 - 2REZ - ORG

La Biennale di Venezia

Arte
Architettura
Cinema
Danza
Musica
Teatro
Archivio Storico

Tanka Number Five

Indigo Starling

her necklace clasp breaks
she turns her back, hair lifted
he connects the chain
his fingers fumble slightly
gentle spark neither dare name

r — e — z

O Blinking One
O flashing square of possibility
And such Aggressive passivity
You judge my word-wrapped days

Oh ASCII and Ye Shall Receive
Your blank-screen taunting, always wanting
Yes and backspace, no and erase, Maybe, tabbing
Jabbing, doleful, innocent stares of
"… you haven't thought of something yet?...
or maybe you have mastered all … and just forget"
Until you hit the enter key, it's all just buffered bits of life

You make me dance the dance of newbies,
a child strung out on pixels, eating his Paste and Copy
and riding the Undo like a drop-down surfboard
Control-Shift this life!! The Alt key is a door, not an excuse
I don't log on to strike a truce

I can have an idea without an icon
… a voice without a window
… a dream without a blog
a life of bits and bytes, fits and fights
… is just Tweeting in the fog

I am Old School
I fold, spindle AND mutilate
I don't need to back up or restore my fate
I've had writers block long before blocks were taught to blink
and dumb ideas long before machines learned to think
I'll be here even after you
O Screen of Blue
O System Screwed

Know this my empty, underscored friend
I'll make my own peace in the end
With paper, ink, scotchfulls of think
And dreams that move me dark, deep, slow sleep, empty poor
and rich beyond rich

Because this, O Cursor, like any decent god
I know that there's an off switch

SursorCursor

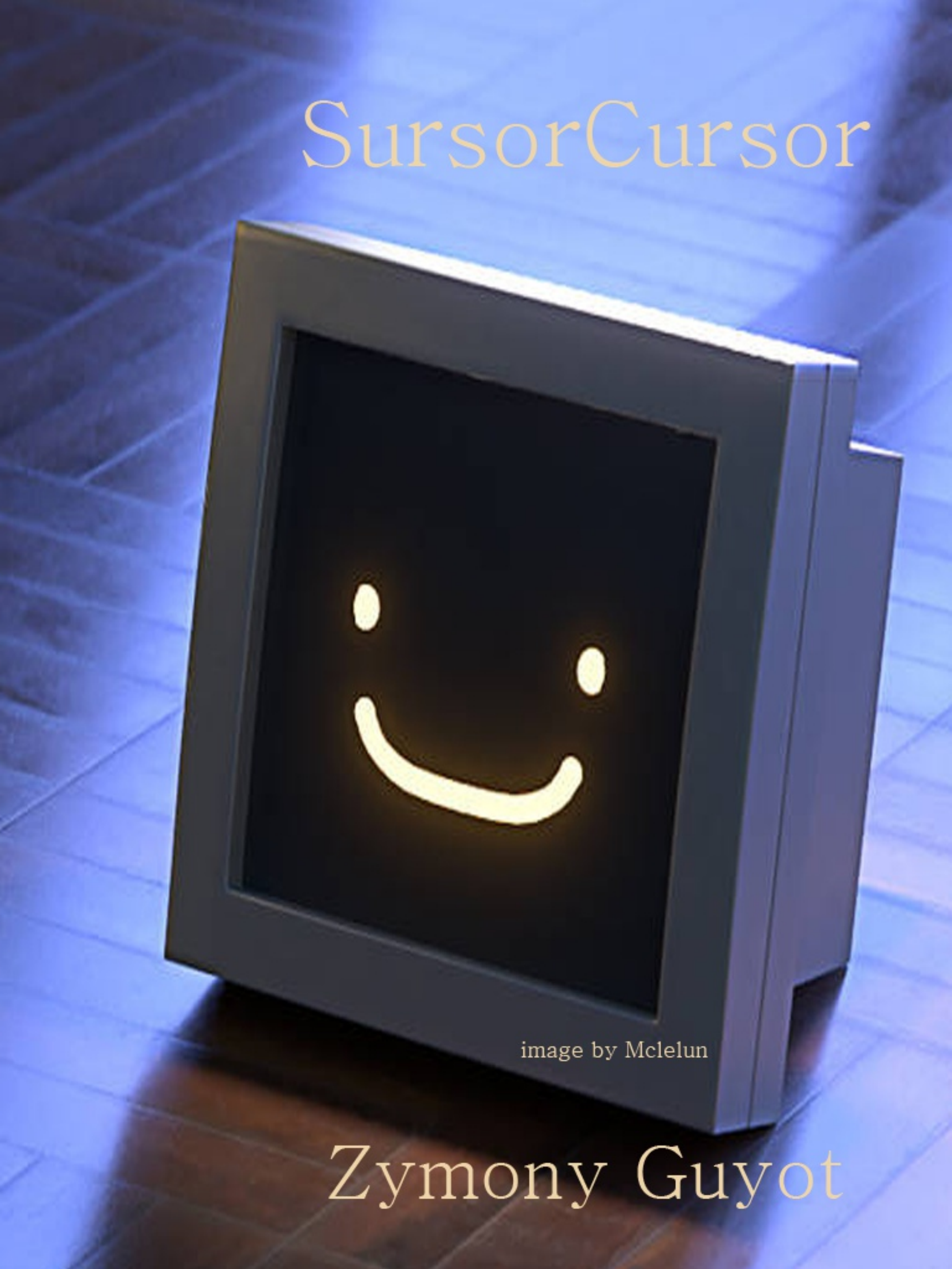

image by Mclelun

Zymony Guyot

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